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Northern Messenger

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'How Beautiful to be With God.'*

(James Buckham in the 'Wellspring.'

How beautiful to be with God,
When earth is fading like a dream,
And from this mist-encircled shore
We launch upon the unknown stream!
No doubt, no fear, no anxious care,
But, comforted by staff and rod,
In the faith-brightened hour of death
How beautiful to be with God!

How sweet to lay the burden by,
The task inwrought with toil and prayer,
Assured that He who calls will send
One better still the yoke to bear.
What peace, when we have done our best,
To leave the pilgrim path long trod,
And in yon fields of asphodel,
Snow-white, be evermore with God!

Beyond the partings and the pains,
Beyond the sighing and the tears,
Oh, beautiful to be with God
Through all the endless, blessed years;
To see his face, to hear his voice,
To know him better day by day,
And love him as the flow'rs love light,
And serve him as immortals may.

Then let it fade, this dream of earth,
When I have done my life-work here,
Or long, or short, as seemeth best—
What matters, so God's will appear?
I will not fear to launch my bark
Upon the darkly rolling flood.
'Tis but to pierce the mist—and then
How beautiful to be with God!

* These were the last words of Miss Frances E. Willard, who saw the King in his beauty Feb. 17, 1898.

The Ministry of Intercession.

A writer in 'Bright Words' relates the following striking and suggestive facts. He says: 'I remember a friend telling me that one time he was in the direst temptation, and his future life was in the balance. There came upon him a blast from hell, and he was on the very point of recklessly throwing his virtue and honor away. Away in another part of England there was a relative who lived close to God; some warning bell sounded in her heart that this other person was in danger. She pleaded with God for the deliverance of this soul. She knew not why there was such an urgency laid on her to pray for this special person; but she spent long hours on her knees that night, and in the morning wrote to her relation who had been in danger, to explain the strange feeling of urgency to prayer, saying that it was on his account she was praying. When the temptation was at its strongest, there sounded in the conscience of this man some terrific warning note; all the bells of the soul were set ringing; a sense of fearful and impending danger took possession of him, and the temptation lost its power. Here was the turning point of a life. If the warning bells of impending danger had been ignored, what would the result have been? If some Christians would hold themselves free to let God ring bells of intercession in their heart, many a poor soul might gain the benefit. In answer to prayer a man's whole nature was set tingling, and the sense of impending danger was his salvation.'—'Faithful Witness.'

Our Post Office Crusade.

GLIMPSES OF CHEERING LETTERS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

Letters, kind letters, are now coming every week. A Home Missionary, whose work is amongst the French of Quebec Province, says: 'If you are kind enough to send us some religious papers we will make good use of them.' A nice box-full is waiting for the messenger to take it and many parcels have been sent by hand and post to this, a very important centre.

'I have long been impressed to do something for the post office crusade,' writes M. E. Peltapiece, of Malakoff, with a contribution of $1. This is waiting for another $1.50 to complete a subscription to the 'Christian Herald' for our Leper Mission in Dehra Dun, India, where the Weekly Witness,' 'Northern Messenger,' and 'Sabbath Reading' are going every week by post. The 'Christian Herald' said kind things about Great Britain when peace was proclaimed for South Africa, and we take pleasure in collecting funds to send it on a mission of love to India. We have to be careful, for this message comes to me in a letter from an editor in India lately: 'I have felt that good and all as the American papers are, there is not that tone of patriotism in them that is favorable to a sound national sentiment. They have only a fraction of the world interests that we have and it is not only desirable but very necessary for the best welfare of India to have a loving attachment to the British rule highly developed in India.' Here I am reminded that a kind letter containing $1 came from a young lady who does not wish her name mentioned, and sixty cents from another constant friend of the Crusade. This enabled me to send a number of those beautiful Canadian papers from Lachute and Chute a Blondeau off on their mission of good will to Mrs. Moore and several Reading Rooms. How are these and many other papers received abroad? Listen to what a missionary from the Maritime Provinces, now in India, says: 'Yes, indeed, the papers are appreciated. We are glad to have the 'Northern Messenger' for our reading room. It comes regularly now. The 'Sabbath Reading,' 'Christian Herald' or 'British Weekly' would also be of great service if any kind friend should care to send them. You ought to see how eagerly all the papers are sought after. Every Sunday about twenty-five or fifty boys from the High School come to the Mission House for Bible study, and I have abundant opportunity to make good use of papers or cards. Please give my thanks to the friends who help us in this way. After the 'Northern Messenger' is in the Reading Room a week I give it to some boy.' This lady, a complete stranger to me, says also that we 'are doing a good work and good seed is being sown.' Is there any one who wants to send her that delightful little 'Onward,' a fine Canadian Paper? This, with the others, she mentions, for, of course, she must have the 'Sabbath Reading.' She was the missionary who sent the names of several Hindu gentlemen anxious to improve their English by receiving a well-edited, simple paper. One gentleman, Mr. M. Kinley, of Coventry, Ont., supplied the entire list. 'I am thankful,' continues the letter, 'that I have heard of the 'Messengers's' effort to disseminate good literature, and if any names or help is required in any way I shall be most happy to co-operate.' Those wishing for this missionary's address can have it by sending stamped addressed envelope to me.

Now for our latest and very own reading-room. You will remember that a gentleman wrote, asking the help of the Post Office Crusade in starting a Reading Room. The 'Northern Messenger' carried the tidings and this is the result:

'To-day,' writes this missionary, 'I am clearing out a room which we shall use temporarily as our Reading Room. The native people here who understand English are very much pleased with the prospect of having access to a reading room. Many thanks for the bundles of papers that have come. The 'Northern Messenger" ought to be exceedingly helpful. 'World-Wide' will be appreciated. The 'Women's Journal,' of Boston, will be valuable.' (This paper is supplied to this new Reading Room by Mr. Hale Ramsay, of Westmount, Que.) 'What about the 'Christian Herald'? That paper is always appreciated by many. I trust you may be successful in securing for us a good supply of literature for I am convinced that we can push this department of the work with profit.' Ere this letter reached me, thanks to contributors of the 'Northern Messenger,' the 'Weekly Witness,' 'Sabbath Reading,' 'World-Wide,' 'Christian Herald' and 'British Weekly,' with two monthly magazines and the Boston 'Women's Journal' were going by post to this Reading Room regularly. I move

it should be called 'The Northern Messenger Reading Room.' Have I a seconder?'

Mr. Laflamme, of Cocanada, writes to thank us sincerely and says that the 'Youth's Companion,' sent to him through the Crusade,' is of the greatest value. This reminds me, you remember the nice letter he sent to the 'Messenger' some time ago. Well, now we have an opportunity of sending him a box of papers free of freight from Montreal. He can make capital use of good secular magazines as well as religious ones and all the Undenominational papers, Sunday school books, good stories like Ralph Connor's. Sheldon's, Rosa Carey's, A. L. O. E.'s, or Pansy's, in fact, any kind of a good book possible; pretty pictures, Bible texts illuminated, in fact, anything that is refining and elevating will be welcome. Address everything good you can send to the

'Northern Messenger' Crusade for India,
400 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, Que.

Please do not send denominational papers, but all undenominational or Sunday school papers with as many magazines or books as possible. 'Onwards,' 'Westminsters' (as they are now), 'The Canadian Magazine,' 'Northern Messenger,' 'Sabbath Reading,' 'Christian Herald,' 'British Weekly,' 'World-Wide,' are all useful, as well as 'Chautauquan,' 'Good Words,' 'Leisure Hour,' 'Strand,' or any first-class secular magazines allowed in good homes in Canada. The more illustrations the better. Pretty scrap-books will be valuable. Mr. Laflamme will distribute these far and wide to missionaries of different denominations. Let us have a cheerful, helpful response. If any one has anti-infidel literature please send it, the more the better. A contribution of H. L. Hastings's anti-infidel literature and his tracts on the inspiration of the Bible are specially requested. I can also supply an address for any one wishing to send these by post at once. Remember infidel literature is being poured into India.

Sometimes when urgent letters come to me from abroad I wish so for lots of money. It would be much easier just to put one's hand in one's own pocket and respond, but after all, even if I had it, it would be very selfish, for a blessing comes to all who help, and it's far more blessed to give than to receive, isn't it?

Well, here I am ready to do what I can to get you Heaven's smile, so, dear Crusadere from all over Canada, won't you listen to the promptings of your hearts and pockets?

Just as I close comes another letter from India. This time from a little girl; so I'll copy it as it is for the winsome maidens who help in our Mission by Mail.

Landon Himalayas,
Woodstock Cottage,
July 2nd, 1902.

My Dear Mrs. Cole,—

I thank you very much for those nice papers you sent me. I just got them to-day. Donald and Robin Morrison have been staying up here this summer and they just went down to the plains a week ago to-day. Donald gets papers, too, and I enjoyed them so much. Mrs. Griswold and her three children live in the other half of this house. I collect stamps and I have got over three hundred. I enjoy those 'Youths' Companions' sent to me very much. I remember in America my brother used to get it. Your loving friend,
Nancy Ewing.

Will the little girl who is sending papers to 'Nancy' kindly write to me? It will be interesting to the children to know how we found 'Nancy' for our Crusade friend in India. Perhaps because of my Highland blood I have a great love for the North and for the hills. Someway the North of India always had a fascination for me, and yet all my friends and old school-mates are in the south of the Empire. One day, in a book on India, I found a beautiful reference regarding the honor of Forman College in connection with a historical fact of the wars that have taken place up north. Later on I found a reference to the present principal of the college in the reports of that by a congress of missionaries some time ago in New York, so I wrote to him about our Crusade. There came a kind reply, and through the 'Northern Messenger' we were able to supply his Reading Room with all the publications of the 'Witness' Office. Up to that time they had not been received there. Afterwards the wife of the principal wrote to me and introduced us to 'Donald' and his home. She told me all about the stamp fever up north and this is how we came to be acquainted with Nancy, because of her love for stamps, so send her all you can and with them nice papers to give away for you. In the 'Indian Ladies' Magazine' for May there is an article on the value of stamp-collecting in India by M. P. S. Ramalinja Mudalian, a native gentleman. It explains why old stamps are of use in India.

Another request and I am done. If any one has spectacles to give away will you send them to Mr. Laflamme's box. All spectacles you can spare are of use in India for missionaries to give away to those anxious to read whose sight is impaired.

Faithfully,
M. E. COLE,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

Many thanks for the fine parcels of papers from Raymond, Braeside, and Folden's Corners.

Editor's Note.—Those who wish to take part in our Post Office Crusade must only send undenominational papers and they must always pay full postage and express charges when mailing or expressing papers and magazines to Mrs. Cole.

PAY ATTENTION.

We are sorry to learn from Miss Dunhill, in India, that large numbers of papers sent to her from Canada have on insufficient postage, and, consequently, she is put to great expense in paying double the amount wanted. 'Messenger' readers must understand that if they are kind enough to take part in the Post-office Crusade they must at the same time be prepared to put sufficient postage on the papers they send. Otherwise their well-meant kindness becomes a real injury instead of a blessing. They should remember the postage to India on newspapers is a cent for two ounces. When mailing literature for India it would be well to ask the person in charge of the post-office if the packets are sufficiently prepaid. Literature mailed or expressed to Mrs. Cole must, in the same way, be prepaid. No one is forced to join in the Crusade, but those who do must make up their minds to accept all the conditions, including the expense of mailing or expressing.

Mormon Doctrines and How they are Spread.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—Some time ago I received a lengthy letter with several stamps from a man in the United States. He asked me many questions about India and said he wished to do all the good he could, etc.—then there was a kind request for 100 addresses of natives in India who could read English. Some good angel must have been guarding me, for there came over me the queerest feeling of apprehension. As a rule I am delighted to receive letters evincing so much interest. It was quite easy for me to have sent the whole number asked for as I have hundreds of addresses. He said he had most helpful literature to circulate and wished me to acquaint him with particulars as regards different provinces, etc. I asked advice of our great commander over this letter which gave me so strange and uncertain a feeling. At the time I was not acquainted with the Mormons' insidious manner of work, but I had strong suspicions that this letter had been written by one. I replied, saying that I never gave addresses to any save to those who sent me samples of papers and were prepared to send undenominational Christian literature such as 'The Northern Messenger,' etc. I advised him to write to Mr. Laflamme, of Cocanada, India. Then I mailed a note to Mr. Laflamme, telling him what I had done and urging him to be careful. Mr. Laflamme has the reputation of being a clever, far-seeing man, and I thought if I had been led by a blind impulse, his better judgment would counteract a possible blunder on my part. After sending off these two letters I happened to meet a lady friend fresh from Detroit, Mich. I told her of the odd sensation I had had over that letter from the United States, and she at once gave me full and particular warning concerning the Mormon method of a mission by mail.

This morning the following communication arrived. It tells is own story:—

12 South Parade,
Bangalore, India.

My Dear Mrs. Cole:

The post-office crusade is being more and more a medium of blessing to India. Old and young, Christians, Hindu, etc., desire to have the literature you send. But I write specially without any delay to say that by last mail a packet of Mormonite publications came to me with a letter from Joseph D. Pine, Gunnison, Utah, urging me to take in their literature and to read what was sent as I would find them much better than the 'Northern Messenger,' and be convinced of the error of my way and return to the true and living God. He states he means to send more and writes at length as if he intended to do his part in propagating his views. I leave the matter to you to consider how best to try to stop if possible all this coming in to injure the Kingdom of God. I shall tell our national superintendent of literature to warn everyone to look carefully over packages received and shall write to Mr. Pine in reply to his letter.

I am far away in the north of India, and scatter the 'Messengers' wherever I go. Many send papers and kind letters from your country. I tried to reach those whose names I do not know by writing a few words lately to the 'Northern Messenger.'

This extract is from a letter received from Miss Dunhill, W.C.T.U. organizer for the whole Empire of India. On examination of my papers I find that Mr. Joseph D. Pine, of Gunnison, who wrote to Miss Dunhill, was the individual who asked me for 100 addresses in India. Will those who have the addresses of missionaries connected with their denomination kindly post this copy of the 'Messenger,' containing this letter to them, marking the article. I will also send all I can to Y.M.C.A. centres, and ask missionaries and editors to circulate this extract of Miss Dunhill's letter by post and by press in India.

After I received Mr. Pine's letter I was told that the same methods of circulating Mormon doctrines were spreading rapidly and silently through Canada. These facts should speak for themselves and the Christian and secular press of the Dominion should take every means of exposing the terrible evil of Mormonism.

My friends, is not this a warning to us to wake up and be more instant in season and out of season doing our very best to circulate pure and wholesome truths.

M. E. COLE,
Superintendent of the 'Northern Messenger' Post-office Crusade. 112 Irving avenue, Westmount, Que.
Aug. 15, 1902.

Mail Bag.

Bell Mount P. O.,
Leslie, Que.

Dear Editor,—I thank you for the two nice Bibles that I received some time ago. I think the gift would please nearly every little girl, and then the best of it is that it is one she can earn herself. Thanking you again for the two nice Bibles and wishing you success.

IDA R. CAREY.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Work in Labrador and the Perils of the Frozen Sea.

(Wilfred Grenfell, in 'The Leisure Hour.')

March 10, 1898, broke a glorious sunny day on the snow-clad shores of Newfoundland. Glowing reports, which had been coming in all morning, of quantities of seals seen on the ice-floe drifting south, kept the spirits of the thousands of men crowded on the wharves and vessels at fever heat in anticipation of a successful hunt.

Whistles were blowing, bells were ringing, and every conceivable piece of rag that could do duty for bunting was flying, as the sturdy little vessels steamed gaily out from St. John's towards the harbor's mouth.

March 25—only fifteen days later—thick fog was hanging like a funeral pall on the sea, and made darker and drearier the usual gloomy aspect this rockbound coast assumes when it is girt in its winter mantle of ice and snow.

Suddenly the unexpected sound of a steamer's whistle faintly echoing through the fog startled the loiterers in a small harbor in Conception Bay, some sixty miles north of St. John's. Nearer and nearer it sounded, till the eager straining eyes were able to make out the form of an approaching vessel as it came yet nearer, proving to be the famous sealing vessel 'Greenland.'

'She is back very soon,' said one. 'She has no bunting up,' said another, for that always distinguishes the joyful arrival of the first vessel home. 'Yes, she has—there is a flag in her rigging,' said a third; 'something is wrong, I'll warrant.'

Anxious and fearful always are the hearts in many homes while fathers, husbands, and sons are away amid the perils of the Arctic ice, in their endeavors to snatch from the reluctant bosom of the deep the few dollars which at best will fall to each man's share when the catch comes to be divided. But now anxiety has become a panic, until the eager, rapidly gathering crowd can learn what new tribute the sea has demanded. It was a woeful story they had to listen to. The 'Greenland' was a death ship indeed.

* * * *

After leaving St. John's in company with the 'Neptune,' 'Walrus Iceland,' 'Aurora,' 'Mastif,' 'Leopard,' and 'Diana,' she had steamed to the north, cleverly picking her way and forcing a passage through the heavy ice, until she was far out to sea off the north part of Newfoundland. At length from her crow's nest rang out the welcome cry of 'Young and old harps on the bow!' and almost in less time than it takes to write it, her eager and excited crew were crowding her rails, all ready with tow-rope, knife, and seal gaff, to leap over on to the ice and commence their perilous work. But amidst the dangerous floe-ice, March gales, Newfoundland fogs, and the cruel wintry frosts have to be reckoned with, and on the second day of hunting darkness fell suddenly and found the men still out on the ice. The hearts of those left with the ship grew anxious indeed as hour after hour went by and only one or two men at a time kept coming in, the main body being still adrift. Thank God, however, this time, as often before, they got the right track at last in the fog, and before midnight the reassuring cry went aft, 'All's well,' the last straggler had struggled home, and was enjoying his well-earned pot of tea, already forgetful of his perils past.

And so for a week the gallant ship went her way among those tossing, growling icepans, killing and hauling on board her precious fare of fur and fat. Sunday, the 20th, found her still lying among the young seals. But Sunday is observed better by these hardy fishers of the frozen seas than it often is, alas! in our own home waters, and not a man was allowed to touch a seal that day.

At dawn on Monday, however, the fated expedition started. The ice was in enormous sheets or pans, very heavy and strong, and the good ship steamed along the outer edge, landing at first streak of daylight fifty men under a well-known leader, James Goulton. Two miles farther on she landed 104 more men under three leaders—viz., Jesse Knee, Nat. House, and James Norris.

Scarcely had the men been lost to sight when a dull leaden look about the sky and a sudden fall of the barometer warned the ever-watchful skipper that bad weather was brewing. The ship's head was at once turned and headed for the band of men first put upon the floe. Even as the ship went snow began to fall, the wind chopped round to the north, and the bitter cold foretold only too certainly the fast gathering storm. The captain, George

TOILERS OF THE DEEP.

Barbour by name, well-known for his many successful voyages, and well-trusted for his skill and courage, had not erred in his presage of the threatening danger. The men, too, had taken warning at the sudden change in the weather, and their leader had in time brought them back to the edge of the ice. With thankful hearts indeed the crew heard the cheery barrel man's voice announce that he had sighted them.

But meanwhile precious time had been lost. Lurid clouds hid the heavens, a hurricane of wind was blowing, and heavy falling snow hid everything from view. The huge pans of ice were creaking and groaning and being rent asunder with the crash of cannons as the heavy swell heaved in under it. At length, while the brave crew were doing all in their power to drive their ship back to where over a hundred of their comrades had last been seen, a terrible conviction began to force itself upon them. 'The face of the ice had changed'—a phenomenon not uncommon in that part of the ocean where changing winds and strong tidal currents alike meet resistance from enormous areas of floating ice. Vast portions of the field had swung round—what had once been north became south—and worse still, an endless crystal barrier of ice, a mile and more in width, and many feet in thickness, had wheeled right across the vessel's course, absolutely blocking all her attempts at progress. Nor was this all. The violence of the storm now raging had separated this piece from the main body beyond, and a dark streak of water some three miles across, its angry surface lashed into foam, forbade any attempt so late in the day at hauling small boats across the ice and rowing to the assistance of the missing men. The only hope left to the anxious crew on board was that the castaways would escape before night to one of the other sealers, known to be fishing in the neighborhood. Only those who are seafaring folk can appreciate the anxiety in the 'Greenland' that night. They knew the cruelty of the piercing blast, the bitter cold, the thick darkness, making movement almost impossible, with no shelter possible in the wild whirling snow.

This horrible tension was, however, relieved by a sudden danger to their own lives. For the force of the wind catching the ship, with her hull fast against an edge of ice, had caused her to heel over ominously. The sense of their own danger was a distinct relief, for it brought back a sense of comradeship with their fellows also struggling for their lives. Suddenly a tremendous noise rose above the hoarse roar of the gale, and the good ship heeled over still more, her spars almost touching the ice floe. The deck cargo of coals and provisions had shifted—they had been unfortunately brought up to make room for more seals. There was imminent risk of the whole ship turning turtle, and not till next morning, after a hard fight with the furious elements, was she out of danger. It was a weird sight—those brave toilers of the deep battling, at the same time, for their own lives and for the lives of their lost comrades. Bright beacon fires had to be kept burning. All night long fierce oil-fed forks of flame leaped high into the darkness, whilst the screams of the steam siren rose above the shrieking of the wind till they were lost over the endless expanse of ice, serving, alas! only as a death-knell to the souls even then passing out into eternity.

But what had been taking place on the ice all this while? As soon as the furious blizzard came on, the various gangs of men had converged again to their starting point, in order to meet the ship. But they found no signs of her, and soon their desperate situation began to dawn upon them; it became apparent that the ice had turned round so that they did not know which way to go and look for her—they realized that they were lost in that vast floating ice-field. After earnest consultation among the leaders, they determined to separate into parties under the various masters of watches. Each party was then to set out in a different direction, and they hoped that, by taking different points of the compass, one lot might reach the ship and be able to direct a rescue party towards the others. Sad farewells and silent hand-shakes had to be taken—farewells which for many meant the last on earth. For now begun a most desperate struggle for existence. All the men were lightly clothed—nor was there any food among them. Two parties—led by William Davies and Jesse Knee, both men of great experience—came through fairly well, for they found rough ice, and were able to erect rude shelters made of large blocks. In these they passed the night huddled close together, to cherish the limited stock of heat their bodies would supply. In God's providence morning found them all alive, and the following afternoon all reached the ship in safety, save for a few 'frost-burns.' One party made a fire on the ice by cutting the wood handles of their seal gaffs into chips, which, together with their tow ropes, they then soaked in seal fat and lit. Over this they partly roasted the carcase of a seal, and even this small addition to their reserve strength pulled several through that awful ordeal—one man is said to have saved himself by smearing seal fat and blood over himself and letting it freeze on. Some poor fellows, finding the ice too smooth and too hard to cut blocks from without tools, gave way to utter despair and wandered hopelessly to and fro in the darkness. Their cries of distress were piteous to hear, while every now and again one more voice would be silenced, as the poor sufferer fell headlong through a fissure in the ice, or a blow-hole left by the seals, and so found rest at last in the chilly waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

The tales of individual survivors are pathetic indeed. One man narrates how with many others he camped on a good-sized pan as night fell. The shelter obtainable was of the very poorest, and as early as ten o'clock one of their number, a stowaway in the ship, died. 'As we didn't like staying in the pan with the corpse,' he writes, 'we moved into another pan and made a fresh shelter as best we could. Early on Tuesday morning another of our number lost his reason. He got up and rushed about among the men crying out "The ship is coming!" "Here is the ship!" This livened our poor fellows a bit, and many getting up on to their legs staggered off in different directions expecting to find her. But, alas! the alarm was a false one, and the men, after dragging along some distance in different directions, were soon lost in the blinding snow storms. Some fell on the smooth ice and could not rise again, others walked deliberately into the water and were drowned, others just lay down, and slept their last long sleep alone.'

One man relates how he spent the night on a pan with seven others. 'We walked round and round and round all night. We knew, if we gave way to the peculiar drowsiness we felt, we should certainly never wake again, and we tried several times to make a shelter, but we could make no success of it. By Tuesday morning two of us lay dead on this pan. When the ship at last came in sight we could hardly understand what it was.' Another says: 'There were two lots of us near one another about two gun-shots apart. Our men kept kicking one another and running round to rouse themselves—beating our hands together and stamping on the ice. By morning five corpses lay around us. All sorts of queer views kept passing through my mind. I could see beautiful houses and gardens—one man fell into the water near me, but another pulled him out. Poor fellow, he bravely struggled on to keep life in him by moving about, but at last he sank down and was soon frozen. Some were raving now, and one in his delirium seized one young fellow who lay dying, and took off even his scanty clothes while yet he lived. Both of these men were soon lying near one another dead. At last the steamer was really in sight, and I was getting near it, but I dropped a hundred yards away and remember no more till I found myself on board.' Another says: 'I saw my nephew fall forward on the ice as I had seen others do, but a friend went and picked him up, rubbed him and tended him so well that he was actually the means of saving the lad's life. We camped in an ice shelter soon after until the morning, but when I got up there were five men sitting dead around me.'

Alfred Gaulton, aged only eighteen, was more than forty-eight hours on the ice in all that awful cold, and without any food whatever. Yet he lived to tell the tale. During Monday night he lay down, covering his hands and face and entire body with snow, hoping to die in peace. But the very covering no doubt saved him. When Tuesday dawned he gathered courage, and started on his march once more. On and on he wandered, leaving the others far behind him, till at nightfall he found himself on the weather edge of the ice. Here he at last fell down and lay still, once more hoping that all might soon be over; but the fearful wind still raging almost forced him on to his feet again, and so all that second night he wandered on and on before it, a lone figure driven like a helpless barque before a resistless gale. Mercifully reason had now left him, and he was no longer conscious of his sufferings as he still wandered on. Next afternoon at 4 p.m. he was found by the gallant band of rescuers led by chief officer Gaulton still wandering about. He was taken to the ship, and, marvellous to relate, recovered with only severe frost-bites.

It was terrible work that the relief party had to do, and terrible sights they had to witness. Some poor fellows fell dead just as their rescuers reached them; some thought they were all right, and only found out their awful condition when they were taken to the warmth of the ship. Strong men as they were, and accustomed to hard times, many shed bitter tears as fresh evidences of awful suffering heroically borne by their friends kept being brought to light.

By sundown on Wednesday twenty-three men were still missing. Twenty-five bodies had been recovered—five living men had returned from the sealer 'Iceland,'

and one from the sealer 'Diana.' All three ships were now diligently searching the ice for any traces of the rest of the crew —but none were to be found, though for three days and nights an unwearying search was kept up by all three steamers. It was quite evident the rest had perished. It now became imperative for the 'Greenland' to hasten home, and carry the injured to where skilled assistance was available, and so endeavor to save limbs and senses injured by the exposure. Under a pall of ice on deck she bore the sorry cargo of her frozen crew.

After leaving the ice the vessel made the open roadstead at Cape de Verde, where she was forced to anchor. But she was as yet by no means out of danger, for the weather was still boisterous, and the gale which seemed to have followed in her track broke on her again that night with redoubled fury.

She was forced back and back under the frowning cliffs till at last she suddenly struck bottom—rose—fell—and then stuck fast. All on board thought she had gone, and that their last moment had arrived; but once again stout hearts, indomitable courage, and strong arms saved the ship from what appeared inevitable destruction. Haste was made to shift cargo, and as the gale decreased a little, and the stern was raised up, she glided off all safely, and was soon clear of the rocks. From there she crept round the coast and was at last safe in St. John's.

It was with different emotions that the crowd gathered to those with which it assembled a few days before. Then it was all joyful anticipation and glad forecasts of cloudless future—now it was sorrowful reflections and sad realizations of the past. Alas! it is often so in life. In this case no one was to blame. And so this terrible experience takes its place with many another story of the perils of the sea.

The Old Clock.

What do you think the old clock says
  As it ticks away in the hall?
The day has fled, it is time for bed,
  Birdies and children all.
Go sleep in peace till the night shall cease,
  And the Eastern sky be bright;
Ye heed me not in my corner dim,
  As I tick to you all 'Good night.'

What do you think the old clock says
  To Mother at close of day,
When the children rest in each cosy nest,
  And the toys are laid away?
'Courage, brave heart, nor dream thy toil,
  Or thy tears have been in vain;
The tears thou sowest in faith and love
  Shall yield thee golden grain.'

What do you think the old clock says,
  From its quiet nook in the hall,
To the old and grey at the close of day,
  When the evening shadows fall?
'Lift thy eyes to the sunset skies,
  And think of the Father's love—
Of those who stand in a better land
  To welcome thee home above.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Charlie Simpson's Conversion

Dr. Charles Simpson, as he was now called, sat in his little office with his feet cocked up on his desk puffing at a 'two-bit' Havana cigar, thinking of his old home in the east, of his grey-haired widowed mother, who had helped him through college, by taking in sewing and who was now under the care of kind neighbors, being too ill to work.

But Charlie didn't care, he was young and fast, 'one of the boys' as it were, and the thought of him helping his mother was absurd.

He left home with all the brightest prospects that any young man could have had before him, but it wasn't long until the weekly letters to his mother became shorter and shorter until they finally ceased altogether.

He couldn't be bothered writing home; it was too much trouble, and besides he didn't want to receive the letters of reproach that might come from his dear old mother.

The months flew by, the evenings that used to be spent in the little boarding-house room studying, were now spent in the saloons and concert-halls down-town with the wine and women that make these places so full of life and excitement for the average medical student, who is, by the way, the toughest of all students, and so by such associations he picked up habits, little pet ones that formed the warp in the web of his later life that he could not overcome, but grew with his growth, strengthened with his strength, and now has molded his character and formed his destiny.

Time elapsed, he graduated, left the city and located in a little western mining camp, where we found him, a drunken, heart-broken young man, too proud or too full of shame to write to the old folks at home.

He had lost his money by gambling, his practice was gone, and he sat in the cheerless little office where he was found by a missionary, who had been sent out during vacations, to preach in the different camps in the district. They talked several hours on the advantages and disadvantages of the West; but later the drift of the conversation led back to the college days in the old city in the East, where they both had attended school, one in medicine, the other in theology.

A warm friendship grew up between the two; they became close friends, chummed together, roomed together and gradually the Christian light from the associations of the other, dawned on the young doctor, so that by the time Mr. Farley, the missionary, had left his field to resume his studies in the East, Charles closed up his office, sold his belongings, and left also, to start over again in life; to begin anew the formation of good habits and the building of a Christian character. Later on in a Y.M.C.A. meeting he was converted, and shortly after left for his old home, the home of his mother and sisters. He arrived full of anticipation and pleasure at the thought of meeting his mother, but, alas! she had gone, died from a broken heart caused by the blighted life of a cherished son.

No welcome was his, the old homestead had long since been mortgaged and sold. Strangers occupied the place where once he used to play in childhood days. He returned, sad and down-hearted, to the city, and engaged in mission work in the slums, where you can find him to-day, a shining light, a helper to other men and women who have fallen by the way-side in the struggle for existence.

In his nature yet can be seen the results of the habits of by-gone days, but through grace he is now living a Christian life, although the nature formed by the habits will always remain with him.

During one night in the mission I heard him remark to a number of young men, 'If you think you can toy along with some little pet indiscretion, lead it around like a woman does a poodle, cut the string, and let it go when you get tired of it, permit one who has passed along the road a little ahead of you and picked up a pet or two, to tell you that you cannot do it. I will not say you cannot, but you will not. You undertake to shake that dog once he gets attached to you, no, sir, you cannot, he will be at your heels when you come to the river. He may become a nuisance but he'll stay and grow from the smallness of a poodle to the dimensions of an elephant. Listen: Don't start with them; cultivate good habits if you cultivate any; remember, the habit forms the character and the character the destiny.'

WM. A. GLASGOW, M.D.
Missoula, Mont.

The Servant Verses

(By Mary E. Bamford, in 'The Classmate.')

'I didn't tell mother the hardest of it,' whispered Isabel.

She was sitting in a shadowy corner of the ferry-boat. No one was near, and the evening darkness hid some tears. Somewhere a violin and a flute were playing, but Isabel was too tired to listen.

After her day's work Isabel had crossed the bay to carry her first month's wages, twenty dollars, home to mother. She had longed to stay and see mother and the three little ones, but she could only stop a few minutes, and had hurried away again to catch this boat to return to her city working-place by nine o'clock. Exhausted, homesick, Isabel faced another month's hard work.

Several months before this Isabel's family had been burned out, losing everything in the fire. Afterward her father had work, but they were poor, and Isabel, being sixteen, felt she could not leave it to father alone to supply all they had lost.

'I'm going to help, too,' Isabel had bravely said, and she had taken the best place she could find, a situation in a boarding-house in the city across the bay. She was to have twenty dollars a month, and room and food.

'It's more than I could earn at anything else,' she told her mother, who was reluctant to let Isabel go out to service, a thing she had never done. 'We need the money so!'

And her mother, knowing the need of clothes for the children, and of furniture to replace loss of everything, had let Isabel go.

But what a month this first one had been to Isabel! The city private boarding-house where she worked was five stories high, with no elevator. Isabel had expected to care for eighteen rooms, but more guests had come, so she had to attend to twenty-five rooms. She ran up and down stairs continually. If everybody had risen at the same hour, mornings, so she could put the rooms in order it would have been different. But a person in the third story would get up, and

then another on the fifth, so Isabel had much running. Somebody on the fourth floor would ring for ice, and another on the second would want hot water. If Isabel did not do things exactly as the previous girl had done, the roomers complained, and Isabel's employer, Mrs. Keefe, scolded Isabel, even though she tried her best.

Then, Isabel had to wait on the table at dinner, evenings, because there were more courses than at other meals. To-day she had not got all her rooms swept till half-past four in the afternoon, and then she had had to hurry to be ready to wait on table.

'Mrs. Keefe been scolding you?' asked Andrew, the waiter boy. 'Why don't you do as I do? When she scolds I say, "Give me my money, and I'll go!" That quiets her.'

But Isabel dared not say that. It would be dreadful to lose earning twenty dollars a month.

Yet now, on the boat, returning to toilsome work, Isabel's future of labor and separation from home looked very hard.

'I've taken a servant's place, and I'm treated like a servant,' she thought. 'I'm only a servant!'

A thought flashed on her. Somehow her complainings brought to memory, as a word sometimes will, a Bible verse. It was David's cry, 'O Lord, truly I am thy servant.'

Was she Mrs. Keefe's servant only? Isabel had professed the name of him who said, 'Where I am, there shall also my servant be.' She was his servant. Should his servant look upon life bitterly? or hopefully, doing one's best, with the prayer of little Samuel, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth'?

'Thy servant'—the two words met her next morning, as she hurried to hard work. Yes, she would remember. She had thought she was only Mrs. Keefe's servant.

Isabel toiled up and down stairs. Sometimes she forgot the comforting words, and she was despondent. But she remembered again. On very hard days she began to repeat those two words often to herself, 'Thy servant.'

Once, when Mrs. Keefe scolded, and Isabel had with difficulty kept her temper, Isabel found another verse: 'The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men.'

'Maybe that verse is for me, as well as Timothy,' thought Isabel.

She searched out Bible verses that speak of servants. She found many. A great number of the Lord's people must have been servants in times past.

'But I never would have noticed the servant verses if I hadn't been a servant,' thought Isabel.

The 'servant verses' gave her a feeling of oneness with some of God's past followers.

One day Isabel thought of another thing. She had held herself aloof from other servant girls, rather despising them when on 'evenings off' they came from other houses to see Ann, Mrs. Keefe's cook. Perhaps these girls suspected that Isabel felt above them. But should 'his servant' altogether scorn these humble lives? To her surprise, Isabel began to see that these girls had hearts and heartaches.

There was a Danish girl, Katie, among these servants. One day, Katie confided one trouble to Isabel.

'I be always so avraid to make cake,' said Katie. 'I be avraid it vill fall or be bad. So every time I make cake I pray Gott to let my cake come goot. And it so come!'

Isabel smiled sympathetically at the blue Danish eyes.

'God teaches folks even in kitchens sometimes,' answered Isabel, and Katie's young head nodded.

Then there was Ann, Mrs. Keefe's cook, with a real grief.

'You're lucky, Isabel, that you've got your mother yit,' said Ann. 'Iv'ry month I puts me money in the bank, an' the girls say, "Ann's gettin' rich." But I wish I had a mother I could go to, an' put the money in her dear hands, an' say, "Mother, your girl's worked all the month for you." Och, it's a weary world when your mother's gone!' and Ann wiped tearful eyes.

Yes, servants had hearts that could ache.

How the servant girls knew whether real religion ruled in the homes where they worked!

'The man at the house where I work is a big man in his church,' said one girl, Tilly. 'But he don't have no blessing at his table, meal times. Now, I know! I've listened, purpose to hear! My mother's a good cook. She goes about town yet, carrying a basket selling pies, and she taught me to cook good as she can, but none of us would think our victuals tasted rightly if we didn't say a bit of thanks when we sat down to eat at home!'

Another girl, Lizzie, came in one evening, and said soberly: 'They had a funeral at the place I work. The young lady died of consumption. Oh, she was a Christian patient while she was sick! She wasn't patient at first, though. She was cross, with pain. Her mother was helping her once, and the girl spoke cross. When afternoon came, she says, "Mother, did I make you feel bad this morning, speaking cross?" And her mother tried to smooth it over. But the girl says, "Didn't I make you feel bad?" So her mother said, "Well, I felt kind of bad, but I knew 'twas pain made you speak so." And the girl said, "Well, the only thing I can do for God, now I'm sick, is to keep my temper. And I'm going to!" And, after that, all these months, she's never spoke a cross word. Not one! She gave me her Bible before she died.'

And Isabel, hearing, thought, 'If ever I employ a servant girl I will have a real Christian atmosphere for her to live in.'

Isabel discovered, too, how much the aims of young ladies at home influence the servant girl.

'One young lady where I work is school-teaching,' announced a girl.

'When she got her school she said she would do so much for her folks! She would help her father and sisters. Well, she gets seventy dollars a month now, and as for helping her folks, she doesn't! She spends everything on her own dress! You ought to see! She got a blue silk trimmed with beads, and she's getting new dresses all the time. Her sisters can't afford to dress. But wouldn't I like to dress like she does! I'm going to spend my money dressing, too!'

'You help your own folks!' warned Ann. 'They need your money real bad, Nelly!'

But Nelly was obdurate. The young school-teacher was teaching the servant girl selfishness.

Learning lessons, Isabel worked on, till, after many months, one day she received a note from her father.

'Come home, dear,' the note said. 'I earn more now, and I want you home with mother. You've worked faithfully, helping us in hard times. Now, come home to stay, dear.'

There was a joyful thrill in Isabel's heart. Father thought she had been faithful! She should not be a servant any longer!

Then, as Isabel stood there, there came that other thought about being a 'servant of Jesus Christ.' Oh, when that day should come when her heavenly Father should say, 'Come home, dear child,' would he think she had been his faithful 'servant'?

'I'll try to be,' thought Isabel.

In Isabel's Bible, after her dear home life began again, many a 'servant verse' remained marked. She would not forget the lessons that she had learned.

A Psalm of Life.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men oft remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

—Longfellow.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Jones's Alphabet

(By Jay Benson Hamilton, D.D., in 'Southwestern Christian Advocate.')

George Washington Jones was nineteen years of age before he learned his alphabet. It contained but three letters and they were all the same. He was an orphan who had managed to live in spite of being a waif, homeless and friendless. He had learned to read by some strange chance, exactly how, he never could explain. The little which he had read had awakened lofty ambitions in his boyish mind. His day-dreams would have filled with laughter all who knew him had they but known them. He treasured his purposes as the secrets of his own heart and brain and patiently and contentedly toiled, living from hand to mouth until he had reached the age of nineteen years.

His nineteenth birthday was his emancipation day. He was going to his daily work when he saw a fragment of a newspaper flitting before him, driven by the wind. He stopped and caught it, and read:

'Push with energy; plod with patience; endure with pluck; and you can do anything that God approves. With these P's, push, patience, pluck, as your alphabet, you can spell every word but F A I L.'

The boy became a man in a flash. He straightened himself to his full height and spoke aloud:

'I have learned my alphabet; now I will begin to spell.'

He looked again at the paper and saw that the words were a brief extract from an address by the president of Walden University. He said to himself, 'I do not know where Walden University is, but I will find it.'

One week from this birthday, he started on foot for Walden University. He carried in his hand a small bundle containing his scanty wardrobe. In his pocket were a few cents, his total fortune. His journey was filled with adventure, but he triumphed over all obstacles. He asked nothing and would receive nothing in charity. He earned his living by the way, but ever kept moving toward his goal. It took many weeks but he was ever cheerful and courageous. His smile was a sunbeam; his laugh was rich music; his song was a trumpet blast. He worked and smiled and sung his way, until wearied, foot-sore, shabby and gaunt with hunger he entered the city. He found the man whose words had changed the current of his life. He quietly stated his desire to secure an education and exhibited the soiled fragment of paper containing his alphabet.

He was encouraged and assured that if he would continue to spell as he had begun he could not fail to succeed. Disdaining to accept aid, Jones began to seek work to pay his way. He tried scores of places only to be refused. He bowed, lifted his fragment of a hat and smiled when each said 'No!' One man who had been unusually curt and surly was so amazed at the smile and bow that he muttered to himself:

'If he can do that when I say "No," what would he do if I were to say "Yes!" I'll try it as an experiment.'

When Jones was recalled, the man said, 'What kind of work do you want?'

'Anything!'

'I have work, but it is hard.'

'I am strong.'

'It is dirty.'

'I have soap in my pocket.'

'The pay will be small.'

'I do not need much.'

'Follow me!'

Jones had a job.

The cellar of a large warehouse was as gloomy as a dungeon. It was filled nearly to the ceiling with boxes and barrels. Refuse of every kind was piled in heaps.

'Clear this up. Break up the barrels and boxes that are useless. Pile neatly those that are good. Put this rubbish in barrels on the sidewalk. I will give you one dollar for the job. When will you begin?'

'Now!' said Jones. 'If you will let me sleep in the room we came through, I will not leave until the job is done. I saw an old blanket on the floor that will do for a bed.'

Permission being given, Jones had a job and lodgings. A few wisps of hay and a disreputably old horse-blanket served for a bed. Three nickels, his total wealth, purchased three loaves of bread. A faucet in an old sink furnished water, and Jones had a job, board and lodging. It took three days to complete the task. When it was finished the employer was asked to pass his approval upon the work.

Every bit of rubbish had been carried out and filled a row of barrels on the sidewalk. In one corner, boxes all ready for use were stored. In another, a similar pile of barrels was placed. In another corner, kindling wood from the broken barrels and boxes was heaped. In a box were two pailfuls of coal picked from the ashes; in another box were scores of bottles taken from the rubbish, all assorted as to sizes and carefully washed. The windows that had been obscured with dirt and cobwebs were washed clean and wiped dry and bright. By the aid of an old whitewash brush and a pail of discarded lime that had been discovered in the rubbish, the cellar had been carefully whitened, it was swept, light, clean and almost fit to live in. The owner looked about him silently for a few moments and said:

'If this is the way you do your work you will never want for a job. I have a pile of wood in my back yard that you can tackle and it is big enough to keep you busy for a year. I'll pay you the market price for the work.'

Jones looked at the silver dollar, smiled and bowed his thanks and asked to be shown the way to the wood pile. He worked his way through two years' preparatory training, four years' collegiate study at Walden University and three years of theological training at Gammon School of Theology. He applied his alphabet to his books as he did to his work and earned honorable recognition in every study.

He became a speaker and a writer of more than average ability. He developed into an all around athlete without a peer in his class. He could sprint faster on an errand; lift harder on a heavy load; knock out more tough obstacles and surmount greater difficulties than any man in either institution.

The day that he received his diploma from Gammon Theological Seminary he sat down in his room and carefully read the words on the fragment of paper that contained his alphabet and spelled out the words that were to form the motto of his future work in the world.

A medical journal says: 'When a young man begins to smoke cigarettes we no longer worry over his future. He has none.'

My Saviour.

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me!

Thorn-crowned His blesséd Head,
Blood-stained His weary tread,
Cross-laden on He sped
For me!

Pierced were His hands and feet,
Three hours, there o'er Him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat
For me!

Thus wert Thou made all mine,
Lord! make me wholly Thine,
Grant grace and strength divine
To me!

In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do, Oh! lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee!

—Selected.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issu of August 16, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Coronation—and After—New York 'Daily Tribune.'
The Education Bill:—
A Summary of the Provisions—'The Outlook,' New York.
Public Education Must be Secular—'The Nation,' New York.
Mr. Balfour's Proposed Compromise—'The Spectator,' London.
From a Nonconformist Point of View—'Christian World,' London.
A Dispassionate View—'The Pilot,' London.
The Quebec Method of Applying the Rates—'The Fortnightly,' London.
The Religious Element in the Chinese Character—By Roland Allen, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Lucas Meyer—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Interview with General Lucas Meyer—'Manchester Guardian.'
The Bad Manners of the Well-Bred—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Reminiscences of Frederick Goodall, R.A.—'The Athenæum,' London.
The Teaching of Art in Universities—New York 'Evening Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Pilgrims—Poem, in 'Westminster Budget.'
Cradle Song—By St. John Lucas, in 'Longman's Magazine.'
The Going of a Bee on Pilgrimage—Poem, from Cutwode's 'Caltha Poetarum.'
The Muse and the Poet—'Punch.'
Proverbs in Song—Poem, by Una Taylor, in 'Westminster Budget.'
Curiosities of Popular Proverbs—Part I.—By J. Churton Collins, in the 'New Liberal Review,' London.
Mr. Kegan Paul—'The Athenæum,' and 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Finland's National Bard—By Gustav Hein, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Mark Twain—'The Speaker,' London.
Mrs. Stoddard—New York 'Daily Tribune.'
Mr. Swinburne on Dickens—'The Mail,' London.
The Old Curiosity Shop—By A. T. Story, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Who's Who in America—'Chambers's Journal.'
Mr. Kidd's Social Theories—By A. J. Jenkinson, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Ignorance of the Learned—'Daily News,' London.
The Absurdities of the Almanac—By F. Legge, in 'Academy and Literature,' London.
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What a Rainy Day Taught Helen.

(By Nellie Alley, in 'N. Y. Observer.')

Down came the rain with a steady patter, patter, as though it never meant to stop. The prospect was anything but pleasing to little Helen Worcester, as she stood with gloomy face pressed against the window pane, watching two bedraggled sparrows hunting for seeds in the wet road.

Poor little Helen's face had grown darker and darker as she stood watching the raindrops, for it was Saturday, and she had planned to spend it all out of doors. Mamma had even promised her that she might have a luncheon under the apple tree with one of her little schoolmates. Now it was raining so hard that even if it should stop, which did not seem at all likely, it would be altogether too wet to go out to play. Dolls and all her games had lost their charm, and she was feeling so disconsolate that two big tears were just making their way down her cheeks, when mamma opened the door and came into the room.

'Why, Helen, dear, whatever is the matter?' Is that mamma's sunbeam weeping?'

'I'm afraid I'm not a sunbeam at all to-day, mamma; this rain is so very disappointing I really can't help crying.'

'Do you think, dear, it will help matters to have rain in the house as well as out?'

'No, I suppose not, but there isn't anything to do, and it's so lonesome when it rains. I don't see why it had to rain to-day.

'Run and get mamma her mending basket, Helen, then bring your little chair over here by the window, and we'll see if a story will not relieve the lonesome feeling.'

The mending basket was brought, and as she worked away on a big hole in Helen's stocking, mamma began her story:

'Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?' sighed the rose. 'I am so thirsty I can hardly endure it. I have sent every rootlet just as far as I can after water, and now I have used it all up, I really am afraid I shall die. I love the sun, but oh, his beams are so hot they are withering me up,' and she drooped her beautiful head in utter discouragement.

'And I,' sighed the grass, 'am nearly perishing, too. My beautiful green dress is all turning a dirty brown, and all for lack of a good bath. Oh, that the good south wind would send us some rain.'

'Just think of me,' moaned the pea-vine. 'Here I have been doing my best to get my peapods filled for the good folks in the house, but how can I? when I've hardly strength enough left to hold myself up? If the rain doesn't come soon I shall die before I get half my work done.'

'Alas,' sighed the berry bush, 'I, too, shall fail of my work if the rain doesn't help us speedily. How can anyone expect me to produce juicy berries if I have no water to put into them? Sunshine is all very well, but it won't do alone, and the children will be so disappointed if I am not able to give them some berries.'

'You people down there are not the only ones that are suffering,' chirped the bird from the apple tree. 'The ground is so dry that the worms have gone so deep I can't find a single one, and you can't imagine how hard I have to work to find enough to keep my family alive.

DAVID RESCUING THE LAMB

'And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.'—1 Samuel 17: 34; 35.

'If this is a complaint bureau, I'll enter my complaint,' snorted the horse, poking his head over the fence. 'It's so long since I've had a mouthful of fresh grass, I've almost forgotten how it tastes.'

Just then up stole the south wind, and softly caressing these complaining children, whispered: 'I know you are suffering, dears, but just be patient a little longer, and I will do my best for you,' then she hurried away to find some clouds.

She worked so hard all night that when morning came the sky was covered with clouds, and as soon as they understood the situation they sent the raindrops down in a hurry to comfort these poor forlorn children of Mother Nature.

At the comforting touch of the rain drops the drooping things began to revive; the rose began slowly to lift her beautiful head, the grass began to look green again, the pea-vine straightened itself, the berry bush began work at once, and the robin chirped his thanks as he flew down to pick up a big fat worm.

'Thank you, mamma,' said Helen, looking up with a happy face. 'I didn't know I was so selfish in not wanting it to rain when everything wanted it so much. Now I am going to the window to see how happy things are growing, and, oh, mamma, there is the robin pulling up a great long worm. I'm so glad now that it's rainy, for after all I'll get the most benefit from it.'

'Yes, dear, our Heavenly Father knew what was best, better than you did, and we can always trust Him, darling, to do the best thing for us, even though we cannot see it at the time.'

A Big Blot

One day when Aunt Clara was out of the room, Charlie and Frank tipped over a bottle on ink which stood on her desk.

'Don't tell her!' whispered Charlie. 'We'll shut the door and run away and she'll never know who did it.'

'Oh, we ought to tell her,' urged Frank, 'and say that we are sorry.'

'No, don't tell it; it's ever so much easier not to,' whispered Charlie, and ran away.

'I'm going to tell her this very minute, before it gets any harder,' said brave little Frank.

When he had found auntie and told her, she hastened to her room and wiped up the ink and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spot that it had made on the carpet. 'I'm so glad that you told me at once,' she said, 'for if the ink had dried in it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now I don't know that it will show at all.'

'It is just like God forgiving us, isn't it, auntie?' said Frank, thoughtfully. 'If we tell him about our sins right away and say that we are sorry and ask him to forgive us, he does, and then our hearts are clean again.'—'Sunday School Visitor.'

The Little Brown Dog

(May Ellis Nichols, in 'Wide Awake.')

Little brown dog, with the meek brown eyes,
Tell me the boon that most you prize.
Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?
Or a cosy rug by a blazing fire?
Or a sudden race with a truant cat?
Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?
Is the worn-out ball you have always near
The dearest of all the things held dear?
Or is the home you left behind
The dream of bliss to your doggish mind?
But the little brown dog just shook his head
As if 'None of these are best,' he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,
There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet,
And the little brown dog did not even say
'Excuse me, ma'am,' as he scampered away,
But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy
Is just to trot behind that boy.

Queen Alexandra

From a Bible-class in one of our western towns a young girl was sent to a London hospital. She was very ill, and had to keep her bed for many weeks. During that time she one day heard that a concert was to be given in the largest ward by some of the nobility. The day came, and all the patients went, leaving her the only one in the ward. Presently the door opened, and in came a beautiful lady carrying lovely flowers. She spoke so kindly to the poor sufferer that her heart was touched and she told the visitor her life-story. The lady was very sympathetic, and when she left her stooped down and kissed her. Nurse came in soon after and said, 'So you had a visitor? Do you know who that was? That was the Princess of Wales.' The lady who is now the Queen Consort of the Empire has 'a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise.'

Song of the Whippoorwill

(By Garrett Newkirk, in 'Bird Lore.')

'I am a bird misunderstood,
So-called the Whippoorwill;
One always trying to be good,
With reputation ill.

'For people say that when I speak
I am to William bad;
That every night I only seek
To punish that poor lad.

'Now I love William just the same
As I do John or Jim;
And never think of laying blame
Or wishing harm to him.

'And when you hear my plaintive call
While hours are growing late;
I'm thinking not of him at all
But crying to my mate;
"Fear no ill,
Keep you still,
Come I will."

'When darkness comes upon the sky,
I take my searching flight,
For moths and beetles as they fly,
Above the earth at night.

'Then while at intervals I rest
Upon a rock or rail;
To comfort her I think it best
My loving wife to hail;
"Fear no ill,
Keep you still,
Come I will."

Five Questions.

At a Sunday school rally in Brooklyn, N.Y., the following questions were discussed in five minute talks:—

'Who am I?"
'What am I?'
'Why am I?'
'Where am I?'
'What then?'

How would you answer these questions?

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 7.

The Prophet Like Moses.

Deuteronomy, xviii., 9-19. Commit to memory verses 17-19.

Golden Text.

'This is of a truth the prophet that should come into the world.'—John vi., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 1.—Deut. xviii., 9-22.
Tuesday, Sept. 2.—Deut. xii., 28-32.
Wednesday, Sept. 3.—Isa. viii., 11-20.
Thursday, Sept. 4.—Acts iii., 19-26.
Friday, Sept. 5.—Acts vii., 35-43.
Saturday, Sept. 6.—Jer. xiv., 10-16.
Sunday, Sept. 7.—Heb. xii., 18-29.

Lesson Text.

(9) When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. (10) There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch. (11) Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. (12) For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee. (13) Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. (14) For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners: but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do. (15) The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken; (16) According to all that thou desiredst of the Lord thy God in Horeb in the day of the assembly, saying, Let me not hear again the voice of the Lord my God, neither let me see this great fire any more, that I die not. (17) And the Lord said unto me, They have well spoken that which they have spoken. (18) I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him. (19) And it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.

Suggestions from Peloubet's Notes.

Deuteronomy is mainly occupied with a series of addresses by Moses to the people, delivered during the last forty days before the death of the speaker. It fills the slight gap between Numbers and Joshua.

The passage of Deuteronomy from xvii., 14 to xviii., 22 is one of much importance, because it outlines the three great agencies through which God was to lead his people,—the kings (Deut. xvii., 14-20), the priests (Deut. xviii., 1-8), and the prophets (Deut. xviii., 9-22). The chief exhortation in the last section is to national purity, separation from the sins and horrible defilement of idolatry. That this may be possible, the prophets are promised, and especially the one great Prophet, the Messiah. Purity, therefore, is the next lesson taught the Israelites in their wilderness training school; a lesson imperatively needed as they drew near to Canaan, that country steeped in foul idolatries.

The Israelites were about to take a step for which God through Moses had been preparing them for forty years. What more natural and suitable than these closing exhortations, the baccalaureate sermon of their great commencement week? Which the Lord thy God giveth thee, and therefore they could confidently march up against the land. Thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. Sometimes conquered countries conquer their conquerors, as Rome did, and Moses knew how easily his people, after winning Canaan, might fall into a second captivity under the crafty attractions of heathen idolatry.

The natives of New Guinea believe that angry spirits alone cause sickness and death. These spirits speak through the sorcerers. At every feast they set aside food for the spirits. So many evils spring from sorcery that the English government has now affixed severe penalties to the practice of it. Illustrations from mission fields might be multiplied indefinitely; but how about Christian lands? The ancient Molech burned the body, but the soul itself is burned by our modern Molechs,—the saloon, empty fashion, mammon, and worldly ambition,—into which many parents throw their children.

The wise Mosaic law against consulting familiar spirits is violated to an amazing extent to-day, and our cities are filled with fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, astrologers, palmists, mediums,—feeders of superstition and crime.

Finally, there are hundreds of popular superstitions, such as those connected with the moon, the number thirteen, spilling salt, giving knives, charming warts, lucky days, mascots, pocket pieces, Friday, dreams, and the like. To hold that the course of providence is connected in any way with such absurd trifles is to dishonor the God of providence.

The Weakness of Idolatry.—Vs. 12-14. For all that do these things, whether heathen or Hebrew, are an abomination unto the Lord. The penalty was death. 'In the earlier days of the sacred history there was no enemy so subtle, so insidious, so difficult to meet as magic and soothsaying. Only by actual prohibiton, on pain of death, could the case be adequately met; and under these circumstances there is no need for us to apologize for the Old Testament law,' 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live' (Ex. xxii., 17).'—Prof. Andrew Harper.

Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. Yield him pure service, undefiled with idolatry. See Matt. v., 48.

Why All Idolatry is Weak.—1. Because God hates it; it is an 'abomination' to him, and whatever he hates must in the end perish. No one can be pure from sin unless he comes to hate it as God does.

2. Because idolatry weakens the body, whether it is the sensuous worship of an idol or the worship of mammon, fashion, strong drink, and the gaming table.

3. Because idolatry weakens the intellect. All superstitions destroy the judgment. As the emotions gain control, resolution, prudence, and reason fall behind.

4. Because idolatry destroys the soul, from which man's true strength comes. No nation can be strong without a high ideal; neither can a man.

5. God does not always deprive idolaters at once from their Canaans. Mammon-worshippers, debauchers, drunkards, notorious sinners may seem to flourish for a time, but always in the end their kingdom is taken away and given to the pure and obedient.

Guidance in a Pure Religion.—Vs. 15-18. Idolatry and sorcery testify to a need of the human soul that must be met, the need of some outlook into the future, the need of spiritual guidance, and of a revelation of God's will. In forbidding idolatry and sorcery this need must be supplied, or the nation would be like the house from which the devil had been driven out, swept and garnished for the reception of seven worse devils. Therefore the prophets and the Messiah were promised.

The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee. In this verse there is outlined what Oosterzee calls 'the grandest hope of all antiquity,' the promise of the Messiah. This promise was at first in large, general terms, like the broad foundations of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, but narrowed upward through the centuries, becoming sharper and more definite as it drew near to its glorious apex, Jesus Christ. A Prophet. In the King James version this is capitalized, making it refer to Christ alone; but the revision writes it 'prophet' here as well as in vs. 20-22. The latter passage evidently speaks of the prophets as a class, showing how false prophets may be distinguished from the true. But the entire prophetic order looked forward to Christ and found in him its culmination; so that, in either view of these verses, they furnish a picture of the Messiah, and a glorious prophecy of his wisdom and power. 'For who is so worthy of being called the Prophet, in the fullest extent of the word, as he who has fully made known to us the Father's will and counsel for our salvation?'—Oosterzee.

Christ a Prophet.

'The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee.' V. 15. The fulfilment of the prophecies of the advent of Christ are a beautiful study. Here are a few of them: 'There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.' Isa. xi., 1. And 'of this man's seed hath God according to his promise raised unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus.' Acts xiii., 23. The promise to David was, 'Thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever.' II. Sam. vii., 16. And Matthew is 'the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David.' Matt. i., 1. And Paul wrote to the Romans concerning 'Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power.' Rom. i., 3, 4. 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.' Isa. vii., 14. And 'the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise.' Matt. i., 18-25. 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah . . . . until Shiloh come.' Gen. xlix., 10. And 'it is evident that our Lord sprang out of Judah.' Heb. vii., 14. 'But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel.' Micah vi., 2. And 'Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea.' Matt. ii., 1. 'The Gentiles shall come to thy light . . . they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord.' Isa. lx., 3, 6. And 'there came wise men from the east . . . to worship him . . . and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Mat. ii., 1, 2, 11. The ministry of Christ is threefold, that of prophet, priest and king. He was a prophet on earth; he is a priest in heaven; he will reign as king when he comes again. His life as prophet is our example. 1. Pet. ii., 20-24.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 7.—Topic—Ready for his coming. Luke xii., 31-40.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Monday, Sept. 1.—Christ our salvation. 1 Tim. i., 15.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.—Christ our joy. John xiv., 1.

Wednesday, Sept. 3—Christ our strength. Phil. iv., 13.

Thursday, Sept. 4.—Christ our judge. John v., 22.

Friday, Sept. 5.—Christ our master. Matt. xxiii., 8.

Saturday, Sept. 6.—Christ our guide. John xiv., 6.

Sunday, Sept. 7—Topic—Why you should be a Christian. John iii., 16-19.

We shall never commend Christianity, though sometimes we think that we do, by softening its sharp lines, by blurring its clear statements. Why, what the world is impatient with, is just the very vagueness we imagine pleases it. Men want the presentation of something definite. Life is definite; and they want something definite to help them to live—definite comfort, definite strength. Death is definite; and they want something definite to help them to die—definite knowledge, definite hope. To us they are looking, on us they depend, and from more than we think comes the cry, 'Speak out!' Plainness as opposed to vagueness is a present-day duty.—Rev. W. A. Gray.

Temperance

Hot Milk Cure for Inebrity.

It was my good fortune to see at one time the successful treatment of a severe case of delirium tremens by the simple use of hot milk. The man was so sodden with liquor as to be in danger of death and a physician whom he consulted told him that nothing could prolong his life more than a few months, except a complete change in his habit of drinking. The man was by no means ready to die. He at once hired a policeman, at five dollars a day, to keep liquor from him and him from liquor, with the further proviso that payment be forfeited in case of failure. The battle began.

Day after day and night after night the struggle went on. Not a morsel of food could be retained and, with the raging fever, the sick man was at last brought close to death. The attending physician did not expect him to last through the night. In their despair they consulted a W. C. T. U. woman, who suggested hot milk. The doctor said he had heard of that but had never seen it tried. However it could do no harm and so some milk was speedily heated and carried to the sufferer. The very first sip seemed to put new life into him and he greedily took all he was allowed. He made a most excellent recovery and the craving for alcohol seemed wholly conquered.

So much was he impressed with the cure that, as soon as he was able to travel, he purchased a bottle, a tin cup and a lamp, and these, with the quart of milk, renewed morning and night, went with him for months, in all his journeyings, and I do not know but he carries them yet.—Mrs. Maria A. Croly, in 'Union Signal.'

One Thousand Tons for South Africa.

A British steamer recently carried 1,000 tons of spirits from Hamburg for South Africa. Speaking of this shipment, 'New Africa' says: 'The liquor traffic is a curse. It is an appalling sin—the degradation of Africa. It is no exaggeration to say that there exists no greater enemy to Africa and her peoples than this debasing and deteriorating evil. There is no greater obstacle to the progress of civilization in Africa than the increasing importation of spirituous liquors. It is spreading greater desolation and ruin than any other evil, and is worse than African superstition and barbarism. Thousands are daily sinking to depths of sin and shame by this virulent poison, which unprincipled merchants are constantly importing in enormous quantities to destroy manhood and arrest the development of the continent.'

Drink is the

Destroyer of the constitution.—Proverbs xxiii. 28-32.
Robber of the pocket.—Proverbs xx. 21.
Unerring pathway to a premature grave.—Nahum i. 10.
Never-failing producer of misery.—Isaiah 7-12.
Kindler of strife.—James iv. 1.
Assassinator of the human race.—Proverbs vii. 25-27.
Reproach of the character.—I. Corinthians v. 11.
Destroyer of the soul.—I. Corinthians vi. 9-10.

Alcohol and apples are a real antidote to each other. I have never forgotten the first Band of Hope lesson I heard as a lad of eleven. The speaker told the children that all the people he had known, who loved drinking beer, had destroyed their relish for fruit, so that they could no longer enjoy eating an orange or an apple, and that the same loss was incurred by excessive smokers of tobacco, the fine glands of the palate being coarsened and deadened. Years afterwards, one of the most popular of provincial preachers confessed to me that he was unable, through the same habit of constant smoking, to distinguish the flavor of an apple from that of a pear. On the other hand, if a drinker is determined to attempt in earnest to cure himself of the relish for strong drink, he cannot secure any better natural aid than he will get by taking to apples as a solid part of his food. The malic acid tells wonderfully on the liver and other secreting organs. It soon acts as a powerful antagonist to alcohol. One is an antidote to the other. A certain lady in London has made it a practice to offer apples to men who are in the habit of tippling, with the result very often that a man who would eat an apple did not care at the time to go on drinking. Apples and alcohol will not agree.—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Okotoks, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' and I think it is a very nice paper. I wrote a letter about four years ago when we were in Kingsville, but did not write since. We moved to Kincardine. We did not take the 'Messenger' for a year there, but thought we would take it again. We came out here in March. Our ranch is five miles from Okotoks, it is forty-five miles from the Rockies and one mile from Sheep Creek. I have three brothers and two sisters living and one dear little sister in heaven. My oldest brother is seventeen, and my youngest sister is four. I like reading books or papers. Among the books I have read are, 'Melbourne House,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Black Beauty,' and 'John G. Paton in the New Hebrides.' Okotoks is only a little village. When you go out on the prairie about the first thing you see is little gopher heads popping up here and there, and some will sit right up to look at you. When Mr. Gopher sits up he looks like an old man with a sun-bonnet on, and he is very stupid and easily caught. Some gophers when thrown at will sit up and squeal at the person throwing at them. There are also coyotes, which are very bold and will come to the farm-house and steal poultry. Coyotes will carry away young cattle. When the older cattle see the coyotes after the calves, they all run after the coyote until it is chased away. There have been some timber wolves seen not many miles from here; they come down from the foot hills. We are very fortunate to have a school near our ranch. There are lots of mountain trout, which come down from the mountains in June when much snow melts and fills the rivers in this country. There are lots of wild ducks and geese and prairie chickens in this country. We had a snow-storm which lasted four days. It is said to be the worst experienced for years. Many young cattle fresh from Ontario died in the storm from exposure. Many young friends speak of their pets, our faithful old dog jumped off the train after we had gone only twenty miles. He was afterward found dead near our old place. We called him Punch. We were very sorry to have to part with him. Central Alberta is called the best grazing country of the West. The lumbermen of this country go up in the mountains in the winter and cut their logs and drive them down the rivers in June. Men and boys get $2 a day for driving logs down the rivers. There are many settlers coming to this country this spring. We hear complaints about scarcity of carpenters. Most vegetables do well here, but large fruits have to be shipped in from other countries. Groceries and clothing are a great deal dearer here than in Ontario. Butter and eggs bring a good price, but beef is cheaper here than in Ontario. Well, there are many more things I could speak of in this new country, but my hand is tired of writing, so I will close my letter, wishing you all happiness,

ELIZABETH H. (aged 12).

[This is a most interesting letter. We hope to hear from Elizabeth again.—Editor.]

Crumlin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The English Church Mission Sunday-school get copies of the 'Messenger,' and every week I read the children's letters 'from all parts' with great interest. I would like to tell them about our Sunday-school and hear in return something of theirs and the lessons they learn. Ours was organized about fourteen years ago and some who attended from the first are still with us. We have three classes, but at present one teacher is absent. We use the Church Hymnal, and now they can sing almost any hymn you propose. The first hymns we sung and kept to for a long time were 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' two beautiful hymns. Miss Clark is organist for the Sunday-school, also teacher of the junior class, who are all so attached to her; she is capable of amusing and instructing at the same time such very little ones. Last winter as I was walking home, I spoke of the lesson we had that day, and a little girl named Beulah Bailey, aged six, gave in her own little way quite a graphic description of the child Moses. My class are nearly all grown up, and a very nice gathering of young people they are, who take a great interest in the lesson, and I trust are daily striving to mould their characters after his likeness of whom the lesson teaches so much. One thing we have tried to impress is reverence during that hour. We have an evening service here, and very good singing. Miss Bessie Short is organist for the church and merits the appreciation of all, for faithfulness displayed by one so young. Some time ago a little girl here wrote a very clear description of this place, so now I think the readers of the 'Messenger' and ourselves need be no longer strangers. I was walking through the woods the other day. I think all our woods are similar, some more cleared than others, flowers springing up on all sides, the same little lilac flowers I gathered as a child, sweet reminders of happy childhood days, which memory hallows though that time has long since passed away. Some months ago there was a beautiful letter from a little girl, who signed herself Regina M., Central Kemp, Yarmouth Co., N.S. I would like to see another letter from her. She said she was trying to live like her Master, and was going to work for him. I trust that many little girls like her 'in our schools' may learn to love their Saviour in the days of their youth. Our lesson 'Gentiles received into the Church' taught us that God is impartial. It would make our lessons more interesting if all children would read the lesson at home. With kind regards to all the young people. Theirs sincerely, M. E.

Farlary Hills.

Dear Editor,—We call our farm 'Farlary Hills' because the people who lived here first came from Farlary, in Scotland, and as the farm is quite hilly we call it 'Farlary Hills.' We have a large sugar-bush, so make maple sugar every year, and I enjoy that time very much. We have quite a few apple trees, and very nearly all of them are covered with blossoms. There was a wind storm lately, which blew down quite a few trees, some of which were apple and plum trees. My brother and I go to school every day, the school being a mile and a half away. We also go to Sunday-school very Sunday, where we get the 'Messenger.' I intend trying the Entrance this year, so go to school before nine o'clock and stay after four at night, and sometimes go on Saturday. There are many different kinds of flowers in our woods in spring, the Mayflowers being the most common.

HELYN V. M.

NOTICE.

Will 'Mary L. M. E.,' of Lammermoor, Ont.,' whose letter was in the 'Messenger' of April 25, send her full address to Mrs. Eliza Bentley, 11 Fermanagh Ave., Parkdale, Toronto.

Mrs. Bentley would like to send her a book.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Experiences for the Inexperienced.

(By Eleanor F. Bates.)

Some things which all young housekeepers and some old housekeepers need to know and which are told in no cookery book, household magazine or other compendium of housewifery, are the various dodges and substitutions practised by those to whom necessity is the mother of invention. We can all remember the time when we did not know enough to freshen our crackers by placing them in the hot oven for a few minutes; rather than wastefully throw them away, we patiently ate the soft and tasteless things. There was also a period, when, if our soup was oversalted before coming to the table, we had not learned to add a tablespoonful of brown sugar to the tureen. If too much pepper was the fault, it was a dense mystery, yet to be unfolded, that a cup of cream or milk would alleviate it. We know now that if our pastry flour be exhausted and we wish to make a cake before the delivery waggon calls, we may use common bread flour if we piece it out with one-third or one-quarter corn starch. The butter, too, in cake making, may be replaced with beef suet or with chicken fat, if carefully tried out and not mixed with other shortening; a speck of salt must be added. The housewife who plans to make graham bread and finds the graham flour bag empty, may mix with her warm water, yeast and molasses such remnants as were left from the breakfast cereal, making the dough pretty stiff with white flour.

We learned long ago that there is nearly always too much syrup in canned fruit, and some of us added it to our mincemeat at Thanksgiving and Christmas; but we do not make mince pie every day, not at all seasons. Therefore we use the syrup of peaches, apricots, cherries, or whatever, for pudding sauce, merely heating it; or it may be heated with a lump of butter just before serving; or it may be thickened with flour stirred up in cold water, with a little extra sugar and again the butter; and if the canned fruit was very delicious in quality, gelatine soaked and added to the superfluous syrup makes a fruit jelly which cannot be surpassed.

When making molasses cookies, if the jug flatly refuses to quite fill the measure, piece out the recipe with brown sugar or even white sugar; but we must not imagine that if we have nearly enough molasses it will do without adding sugar. The gingerbread or cookies must have sufficient sweetening. Again, if we fall short of our sour milk when that ingredient is required, we may pour in sufficient cold water to fill the cup or bowl, but we must not use sweet milk with sour; it is more disastrous than adding new cloth to an old garment.

Independence in Regard to Dress.

For instance, if nine girls out of ten are wearing feathers and buckles in their hats and yours looks very far removed from the fashion, with only a plain scarf or a ribbon, I would rejoice that any one of my girls should count this a matter not only of very little consequence, but even a source of just pride, if the price of the feather and buckle had been either used unselfishly for the comfort of the family or bestowed upon some needy persons. I could not hope or even wish that any healthy-minded, wholesome-hearted young girl should be indifferent as to whether her hat was becoming; a girl who does not care how her hat looks is unnatural in some way. She must be utterly broken-hearted if she is indifferent on that point. But neither feather nor buckle is needed to insure just the right style and color and shape, and what I mean is the being above copying and striving after the predominating fashion at the cost of better things.

Servile—it is servile—imitation of what is the last new thing is what makes our streets full of cheap finery and shabby ornaments.

Selected Recipes.

Old-fashioned jelly roll or jelly cake—One cup fine granulated sugar, one small spoon butter, worked together with the hand, then add three eggs, beaten very light, two tablespoons sweet milk, a little nutmeg and pinch of salt, one and a half cups flour twice sifted; into the flour put one teaspoon of cream of tartar and dissolve half a teaspoon of soda in a little sweet milk and add; beat very quickly until light. If you want to roll the cake it should be spread very thin, and will make four sheets. Bake a delicate brown and spread with jelly or jam while warm; then roll up and bind with a damp towel. If you wish to make layer cake, make only two sheets of cake.

Fricasseed Potatoes.—Peel the potatoes and slice very thin, as for frying, and allow them to remain in cold water for half an hour. Place in a pudding dish, adding salt, pepper and milk; put in the oven and bake for an hour. When taken out, cut a lump of butter, half as large as a hen's egg, into small bits, and scatter them just before serving over the top. We find that some potatoes need longer baking, two hours not being too much. The quantity of milk should be sufficient to leave a little rich gravy to moisten the potatoes; half a pint to a dish of moderate size will usually be enough, and this can be learned by experience.

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